

The World

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A DEAR LESSON.

In line with Mr. Carnegie's suggestion that the downward movement of values which is "squeezing the water out" of the securities of overcapitalized companies is beneficial comes a recommendation from Pittsburgh that as a remedy for Steel Trust troubles "the common stock should be eliminated for dividend-paying purposes." That effected, it is asserted that the gigantic corporation can defy competition, a result it cannot accomplish while supporting the expanded obligations represented by its watered securities.

The remedy is one of engaging simplicity. The same that gave being to the paper certificates of expected profits, now, the profits having failed to materialize, is called on to wipe out the stock, or, in polite financial phraseology, "eliminate" the prospects of dividends from which alone it derives its present depreciated value.

With the stock selling around 10 this result may be said to have been practically brought about by natural causes. Possibly no artificial assistance will be needed in accomplishing this "elimination."

But the fact that within two years from the issuance of the trust's roseate prospectus a proposition can be seriously entertained to put a final and arbitrary end to the earning prospects of \$500,000,000 of stock shows the progress we are making in the processes of high finance.

In their brief experience as stockholders the multitude of small investors who sunk their rainy-day funds in "Steel common" because it seemed to be "cheap" have learned a dear lesson of the difference between the slow old-school methods of the savings bank and the quicker new departure ways of stock financing.

It will occur to them that if the passbook is not as pretty as the engraved stock certificate it is a more constant friend in need.

DIAMONDS AND OIL.

The annual profit of \$11,000,000 earned by the De Beers Consolidated Mines makes a small showing by comparison with Standard Oil's quarterly dividend of \$12,000,000. The total value of the year's product of diamonds from these world-famous mines, \$26,205,860, seems moderate when set against the oil company's annual profits of \$44,000,000.

The romance still attaches to the old Golconda idea of vast riches, but the prosaic fact exceeding fiction of enormous wealth is to be found in the foul-smelling petroleum fields. The Pizarros and De Sotos, who came to the new continent in search of gold, would suffer a rude disillusion as to the sources of American wealth if they could return to inspect Mr. Rockefeller's untamable oil wells or look upon the Lake Superior ore deposits, where Mr. Schwab says 700,000,000 tons of iron ore are "in sight."

This disillusion is experienced by latter-day Americans when they consider the relatively small value of the annual yield of the African diamond mines. Tobacco factories, wheat fields, cotton plantations, woolen mills are producing more wealth than is dug from these valuable clay deposits. A man died in Newport the other day whom a simple sewing machine, an artistic implement to the eye, had made a multi-millionaire. Shoe bags, copper tools, pocket cameras, thread, many an inferior article of manufacture fills safety deposit vaults with evidences of wealth no less desirable if possessed of less glamour than diamonds.

And with the added advantage that they are the acquisition of peaceful industry for which a nation's blood was not poured out.

AMERICAN WOMEN TRAVELLERS.

When the ocean steamer Minneapolis reached her dock on Monday it was observed that 106 women passengers came down her gangplank with only three men in their wake. The great preponderance of the fair sex on the passenger list was the subject of jesting remark.

The women were returning in small parties or couples singly and alone from a European trip. They had crossed the ocean independently of man's assistance, "done" London, run up to Oxford, made a tour of the Trossachs, braved the perils of the Channel passage, seen Paris and doubtless ventured on via the Riviera to Venice or tramped through Switzerland and sailed down the Rhine.

These achievements of the unchaperoned woman traveller have become commonplace, but they bear recounting as evidence of what the untrammelled American girl has done to make womanhood respected abroad. Moore's Irish girl, whose maiden smile in safety lighted her round the Green Isle, has been outdone by her American cousin.

This adventurous young woman now goes where she pleases, does what she likes and amuses herself within the limits of propriety without a thought of the restrictions which as recently as a generation ago Mrs. Grundy put in her free progress. The barriers have fallen before her and she passes on unchallenged.

THE PIE TRUST REVOLT.

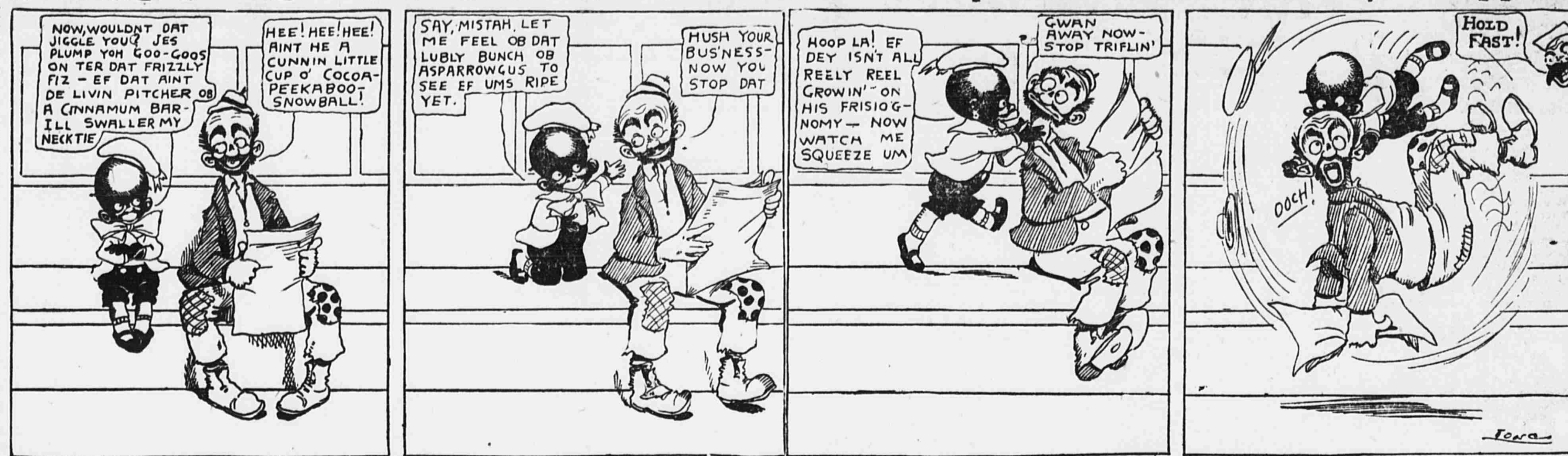
The contest of the Luncheon Men's Protective Association against the Pie Trust has taken a turn which may well occasion alarm in the octopus. It is proposed to subsidize the independent pie makers and stimulate them to increase their output until their ovens can supply the demand, leaving the Pie Trust's wares unsalable.

This would be a distinct gain to the public because of the incentive thus furnished for the development of individuality in pie. The machine-made product of the trust has become too uniform to suit the fastidious palate. Apple pie in Avenue A as on the upper west side partook of the same characteristics of similarity, which have the roving pie eater no choice. He had no opportunity to make a "find." So with pumpkin, which to the trust baker simply pumpkin was and nothing more.

But with an increase of independent pie bakers there will develop individuality in pastry products which will insure variety and conduce to the greater happiness and health of the noonday luncher. There is likely to arise a rivalry which will raise pie standards and bring back the boyish appetite, in most pie gastronomers is only a memory.

Altogether, the anti-Pie Trust revolt bids fair to result to the benefit of the general public.

LITTLE DIXIE==The Coon Kid Makes the Acquaintance of Weary Waggles.



The Man with the Tin Heart.

by
Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THERE is the very sentimental man, the man whose heart melts at the sight of every pretty woman-is, indeed, of such dangerous liguence that its consistency reminds you of those very fat persons who do not seem to have quite jelled.

There is the man who perhaps began life with an indomitable capacity for feeling, but to whom the world has shown only the Medusa face, which turns all who look upon it into stone.

There is the Wall Street man, whose heart beats time to the ticker, and the male flirt, whose cardiac organ is dry as cotton fluff.

And there is the man with the tin heart.

Cupid showers his arrows upon him, but—because he has a tin heart, he tells us—they shoot harmlessly away from its smooth surface, as the rain falls from a gable roof.

All women confide in him. They trust him because he has a tin heart, that will beat neither slower nor faster for their sweet eyes.

How do they know it will not?

Why, he says so.

They tell him—what do they not tell him of their loves and lives? For they must tell, and they know by bitter experience that it is better to tell secrets to a man enemy than to a woman friend.

What did "he" mean by this? they ask. Does the man with the tin heart think "he" loves her?

They interest him, these pretty, foolish women, with their tales of love for other men.

He likes to watch the warm blush that comes to a woman's cheek, the soft caress of her tones, the lambent glow of her eyes with the shadow of the man she loves upon them.

Does he sometimes wish it was his shadow?

What a foolish question! Is he not a man with a tin heart?

There are moments, to be sure, when the pretty eyes shine so gloriously, the soft words fall so sweetly on his ears, that he might really feel that he was getting near to sentimentality were he not a man with a tin heart.

At these times there is a strange mist before his eyes and through it he glimpses faintly a wonder world of sighs and laughter, the April realm of youth, wherein love's radiant rainbow spans the sky.

It is a very pretty rainbow, he thinks, and sometimes he wonders what there is at the end of it and whether it is worth all the journeys that have been taken to seize it.

There is commotion in the heart, and another man might feel that he was falling in love.

But he with the tin heart knows that it is only the noise of the trusty tin throwing off Cupid's arrows.

Some men might deceive themselves into believing this stage thing real.

But the man with the tin heart knows better.

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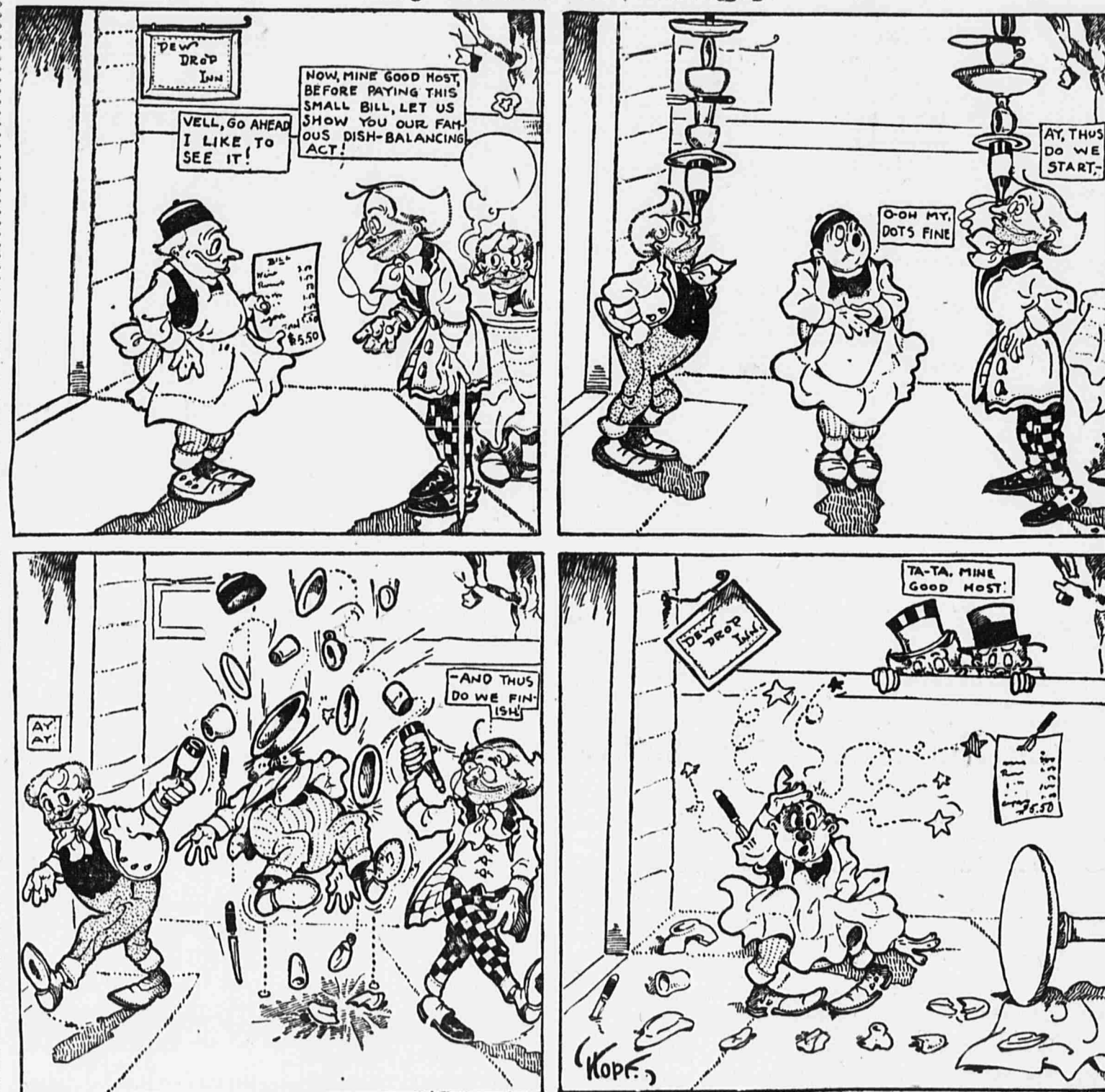
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Hamm and Aiggs--Stranded Vaudeville Team

They Never Go Hungry.



HIGH-TONED.



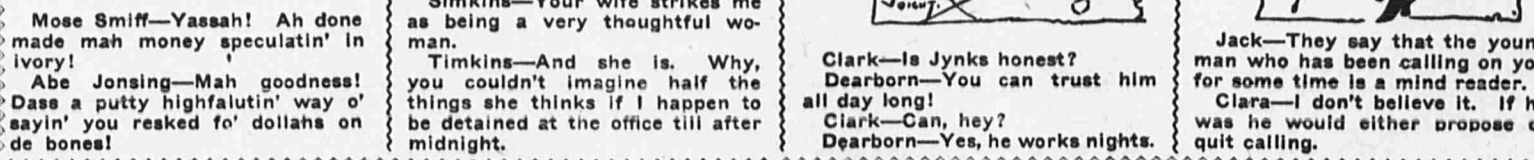
HER THOUGHTS.



A GOOD WORD.



COULDN'T READ.



LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there such a word as "peoples" in the dictionary?
J. H. H. B.
First Tuesday After First Monday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is election always the first Tuesday in November or the first Tuesday following the first Monday?
J. M. D.
Prefers Money to Education.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A correspondent asks: "Which is preferable, money or education? Money is a faithful companion to meet and beat over obstacles in the arena of life when it is used to good advantage. The same may be said of education. Money as a whole only forms one of the elements which can be classed as possession. Education as a whole contains more elements. A person may have the handling of large sums of money, yet be dissatisfied. A person may have no money, yet be dissatisfied. But to scrutinize the question and make it applicable to each individual, taking into consideration the circumstances with which they may be surrounded, I would choose money.
MONEY.
"Is It an Omen?"
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will superstitious readers kindly let me know if there is any good omen attached to the birth of a baby boy during a great electrical storm. The baby was born at 1:03 A. M. Oct. 31, 1903.
Seventy-five Years.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
How long has a couple to be married to celebrate the diamond wedding?
LILLIAN L.
A Translation and a Quotation.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the literal translation of "Vita, Bellum, Mors, Pax?" Also where I can find the quotation, "Hell hath no furries like a woman scorned." A. R.
The Latin words mean: "Life, War, Death, Peace." The quotation: "Heaven knows no rage like love to hatred turned, nor hell a fury like a woman scorned." is found in Congreve's play, "The Mourning Bride." It is usually misquoted to read, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."
Cards Are Not Sufficient: Write Notes of Thanks.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Ought a young lady engaged to be married send a card thanking those who give her engagement presents? S. W.
Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is George B. McCallan, the Mayor-elect, the son of Gen. George B. McCallan, who fought in the civil war?
A SCHOOLGIRL.

Marrying for Beauty Only

And Finding Out One's Mistake Too Late.

BY HELEN OLDFIELD.

THERE are few men who are not susceptible to the attractions of a pretty face, and when a really beautiful one appears the amount of admiration which it excites is sometimes such as to be uncomfortable at times for its possessor. Sterling worth of character often weighs but lightly in the balance against pink-and-white prettiness.

The desire of the eye is strongest, as it is the first to appeal to the average man. Yet he who marries a beauty takes heavy chances and is rarely as happily mated as he who is contented with a wife who has merely an ordinary share of good looks, unless he is satisfied to make a pet and plaything of his wife and to go on spoiling her to the end of his married life.

It is by no means true, as is often said, that "homely girls always make good wives." On the contrary, a plain woman may be a shrew or a virago, sored by the struggle with life, which a pretty one seldom is, says Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune. Good humor and good will to all men are apt to thrive in the sunshine of admiration, and to be satisfied with one's self goes far toward making one at peace with the rest of the world, more especially when the world smiles, as it is wont to do upon a pretty woman. Therefore the pretty girl is rarely otherwise than sweet-tempered, so long as she has her own way, but she is usually more or less spoiled, in exact ratio to the degree of beauty which she possesses.

Accustomed to regard herself as a person of importance, to be preferred to others upon all occasions, and always to be made much of, it is small wonder if she is selfish and inconsiderate of other people; it is but the natural result of her training, a case of "as the twig is bent." From the time when passersby stop the nurse with her perambulator on the sidewalk to exclaim over and admire the pretty baby she is used to admiration and has found that her face is a fortune which pays her way with all men and some women.

At home she is put forward to the neglect of her plainer sisters, and unless her mother is more than usually sensible, much more pains are taken with her dress and adornment. At school she is given a prominent position in every exhibition, and not infrequently girls with twice her brains but lacking a tithe of her good looks are subordinated to her. At dancing school she has her choice of partners, and at children's parties the boys flock round her as the men do later in life, to the neglect of the girls who cannot lay claim to beauty.

Girls who have only a modicum of good looks are taught that they must do their best to be clever and small excuse is made for their shortcomings at home or at school.

No man with a spark of jealousy in his composition, nor yet he who is ultra domestic, should venture to marry a beauty. It is altogether against the nature of things that a woman who has all her life been accustomed to consider the admiration of all men as her just due should be content to relinquish her dominion and forego the pleasant incense; never to "make eyes," however innocently, and to be satisfied wholly with one adorer in place of dozens.

If she is really and truly in love, and the adoration is of the sort which endures, all may be well, otherwise the first pull on the rein is apt to find her restive, while if the spur is applied the steed, badly broken in harness, kicks over the traces and the team comes to grief.

Also, however devoted she may be to her husband, the woman who is fully conscious of her beauty and values it accordingly, is not often happy unless that beauty is fitly set. She attaches the utmost importance to dress, for example; she has extravagant tastes, and she is going to indulge them if possible, at whatever cost.

Nor, as a rule, are beauties often useful, and for this also they are sorely to blame, since from the beginning they are taught that all which is expected of them is to be ornamental. No one with any sense of congruity papers the kitchen walls with rare etchings or asks of a hothouse plant that it shall produce potatoes or cabbages.

Often, it is true, a beautiful woman accomplishes much good in the world, but this, almost without exception, is when by reason of wealth and position, combined with talent, she is lifted above the sordid cares of life and has but to hold out soft, white hands for the blessings which she bestows upon others.

The canary bird's song is good to hear: a beautiful woman is a cheering sight to see, but neither of them is born for adversity.

A Weird Art Find.

A strange story of the discovery of an unsuspected art treasure comes from Canada. A Montreal art dealer was playing golf and drove a ball through a window of a cottage. It struck a picture on the wall. The dealer paid handsome compensation and also acquired the injured picture. It turned out, after cleaning and examination, to be a Dutch interior by Teniers, of the value of \$2,000. Half of this sum the dealer gave to the original owner, to her great surprise.

The Deadly Serpent.

Recent statistics show that the serpents kill more persons in India than in any other country. During 1901 the number of victims was 22,810, and it is estimated that almost, if not quite, as many were killed in 1902.

Chamois \$50 Per.

In order to prevent the extinction of the chamois in the Swiss Alps, a law has been passed in Grison, Switzerland, prohibiting the shooting of chamois on the mountains. A real chamois skin is now worth \$50.

Pennies for the Boers.

The Colonial Treasurer of the Transvaal has sent to England for \$50,000 worth of pennies, with the view of aiding in the reduction of the cost of living in the Rand. Owing to the dearth of pence, matches are at present used as a portion of the currency of the Rand.

"Greenland's Icy Mountains."

The ice in Greenland is melting more rapidly than it is formed. Comparison of the descriptions of the Jacobshaven glacier shows that its edge has receded eight miles since 1860, and it has lost twenty to thirty feet in depth.